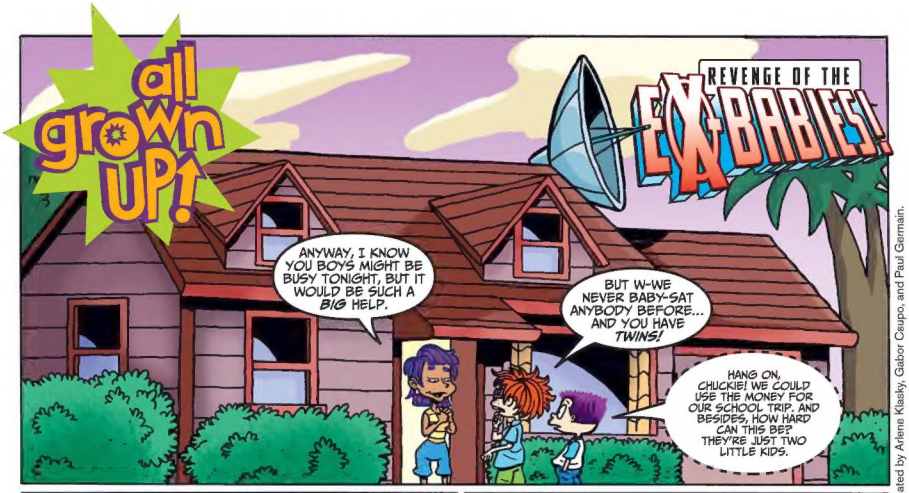
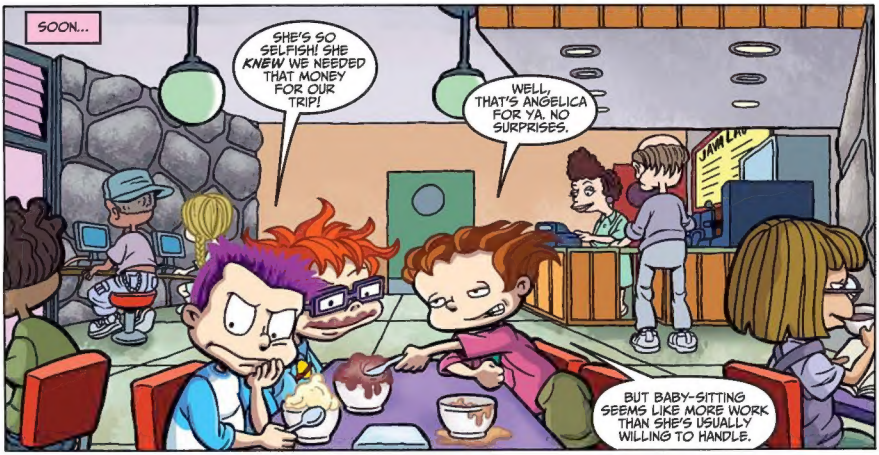
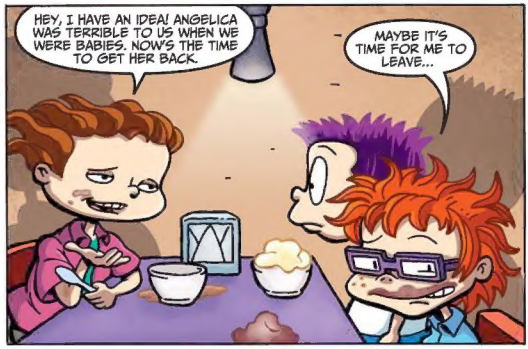


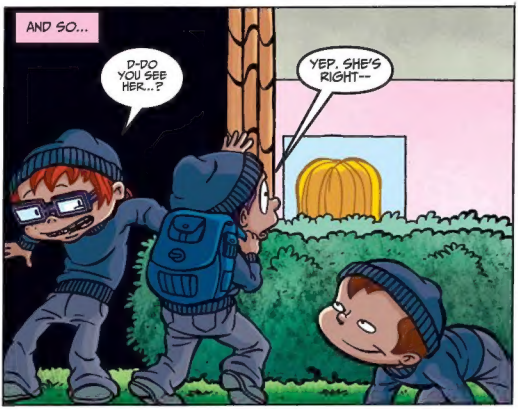
Story: Frank Pittarese. Pencils: Scott Roberts. Inks: Will Blyberg. Coloring: Stu Chaifetz. Lettering: Comicraft. *All Grown Up* based on *Rugrats*, created by Arlene Klasky, Gabor Csupo, and Paul Germain.


SOON...
SHE'S SO SELFISH! SHE *KNEW* WE NEEDED THAT MONEY FOR OUR TRIP!
WELL, THAT'S ANGELICA FOR YA. NO SURPRISES.
BUT BABY-SITTING SEEMS LIKE MORE WORK THAN SHE'S USUALLY WILLING TO HANDLE.

IF MRS. COOPER DIDN'T HAVE A SATELLITE DISH, ANGELICA PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE EVEN BOTHERED.


HEY, I HAVE AN IDEA! ANGELICA WAS TERRIBLE TO US WHEN WE WERE BABIES. NOW'S THE TIME TO GET HER BACK.
MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE...

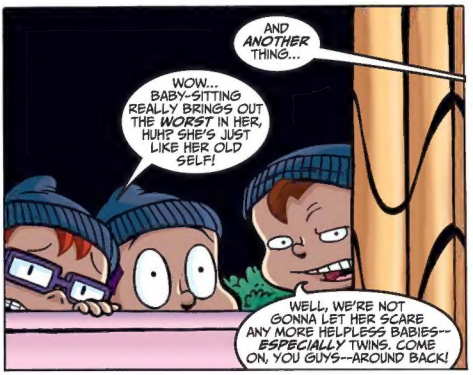
YOU GUYS MEET ME OUTSIDE THE COOPERS' IN AN HOUR.
PREPARE FOR THE REVENGE OF THE EX-BABIES!

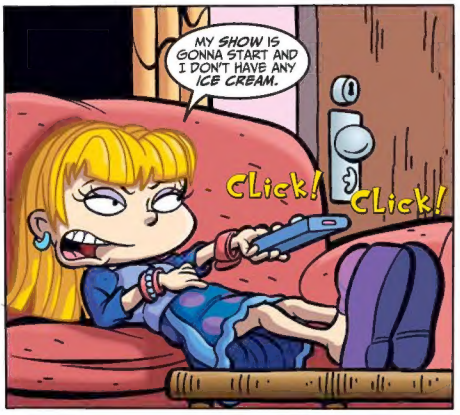

AND SO...
D-DO YOU SEE HER...?
YEP. SHE'S RIGHT--

ATTEN-TIONNN!!

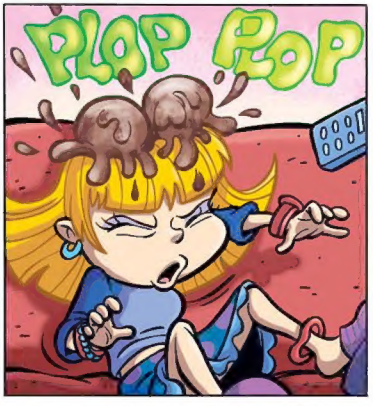
OKAY, YOU LITTLE HOBBITS, I'M YOUR BABY-SITTER! AND FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS, I AM THE BOSS OF YOU.
AND WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, EXACTLY?
I WANT A SNACK, YOU GET ME ONE!
NO BABY TALK-- ESPECIALLY WHEN THE TV IS ON!

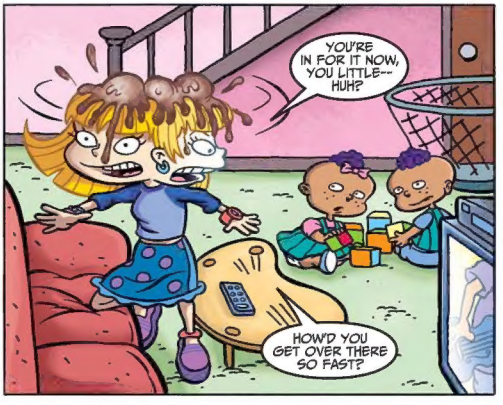
KEEP MY MOUTH FULL AND YOUR MOUTHS SHUT-- OR ELSE!


AND ANOTHER THING...
WOW... BABY-SITTING REALLY BRINGS OUT THE WORST IN HER, HUH? SHE'S JUST LIKE HER OLD SELF!
WELL, WE'RE NOT GONNA LET HER SCARE ANY MORE HELPLESS BABIES-- ESPECIALLY TWINS. COME ON, YOU GUYS--AROUND BACK!

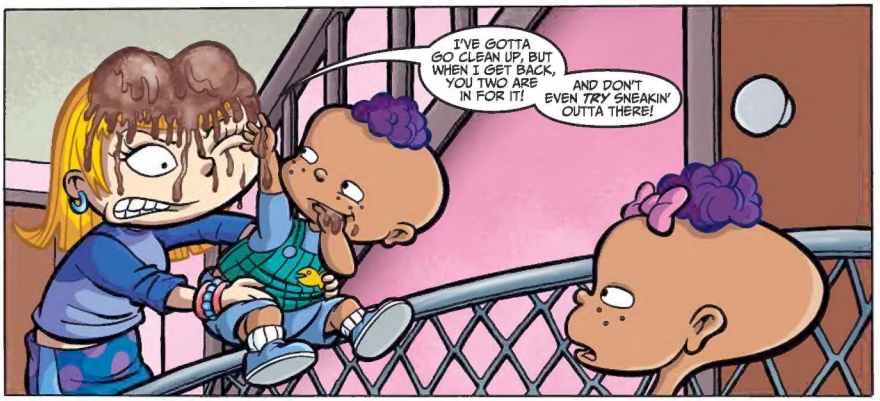

MY SHOW IS GONNA START AND I DON'T HAVE ANY ICE CREAM.
Click!
Click!

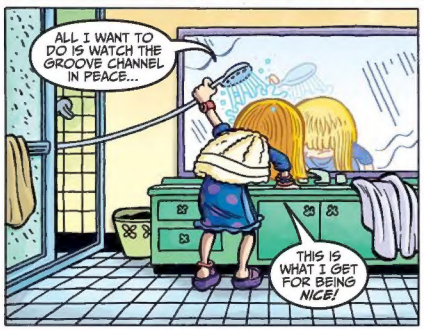
OKAY, LISTEN UP! I WANT TWO SCOOPS AT THE COUNT OF THREE...
ONE... TWO...


PLOP
PLOP

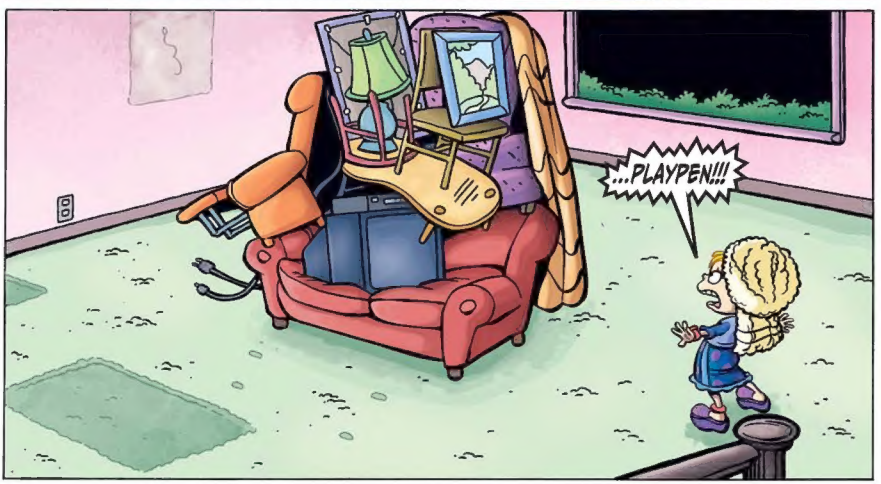

YOU'RE IN FOR IT NOW, YOU LITTLE--- HUH?
HOW'D YOU GET OVER THERE SO FAST?

AND WHERE'D YOU PUT THE ICE CREAM?
Chocolate


I'VE GOTTA GO CLEAN UP. BUT WHEN I GET BACK, YOU TWO ARE IN FOR IT!
AND DON'T EVEN TRY SNEAKIN' OUTTA THERE!


ALL I WANT TO DO IS WATCH THE GROOVE CHANNEL IN PEACE...
THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR BEING NICE!

AT LEAST THEY'RE STUCK IN THEIR...

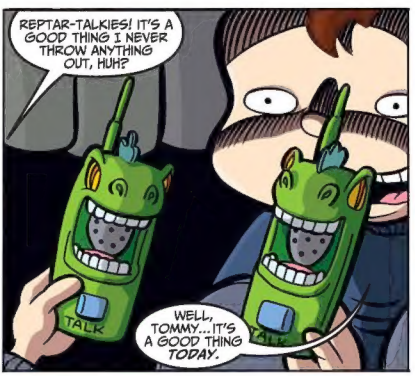

...PLAYPEN!!!

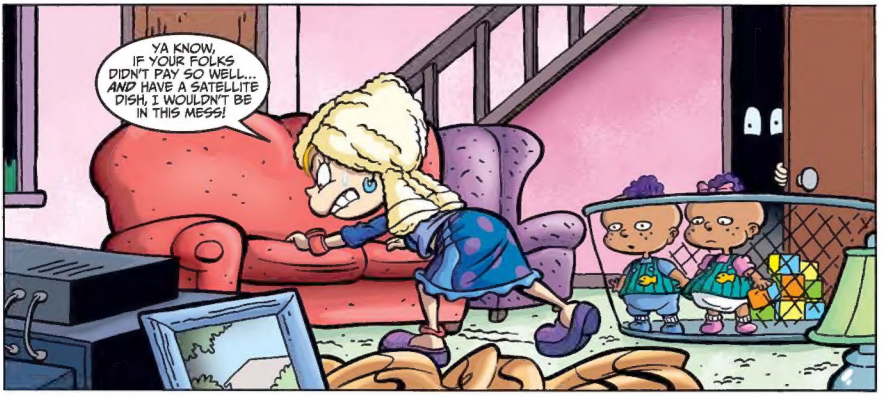
WHAT DID YOU BABIES DO *NOW?!?* HOW'D YOU GET OUT OF THE...

BRRDIN'.
YEAH, YEAH... BUILDING. I CAN *SEE* THAT!
BUT HOW DID YOU MUTANTS MOVE *FURNITURE?* YOU'RE, LIKE, TWO FEET TALL!

SOMETHIN'S FUNNY IN THIS HOUSE.
HA HA--- SSHHH!
HEE HEE--- *SSHHH!*

WE'RE GOIN' TOO FAR, YOU GUYS. WE'RE GONNA GET IN *TROUBLE!*
RELAX, CHUCK-O, WE'RE ALMOST DONE. TOMMY, DID YOU BRING THAT STUFF I MENTIONED?

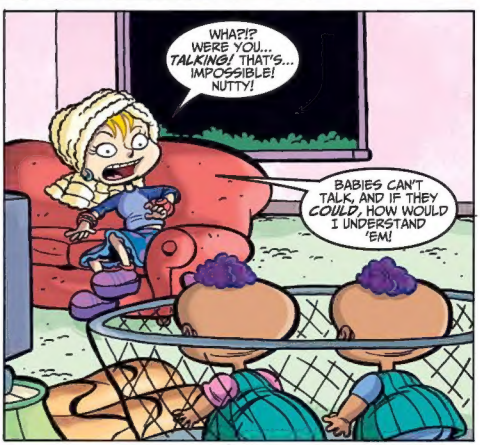

REPTAR-TALKIES! IT'S A GOOD THING I NEVER THROW ANYTHING OUT, HUH?
TALK
WELL, TOMMY... IT'S A GOOD THING *TODAY.*


YA KNOW, IF YOUR FOLKS DIDN'T PAY SO WELL... AND HAVE A SATELLITE DISH, I WOULDN'T BE IN THIS MESS!

NEXT TIME, I'LL LET TOMMY AND CHUCKIE DEAL WITH YOU SPACE ALIENS!

AND THAT IS ENOUGH OF THAT!

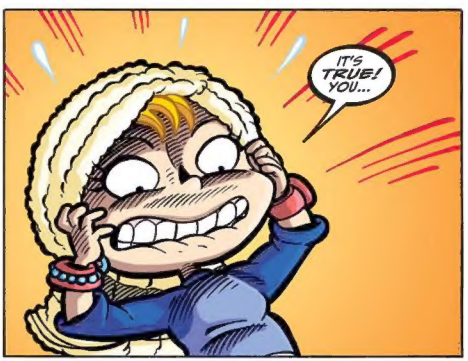
I DON'T LIKE THIS BABY-SITTER LADY.
YEAH...SHE'S MEAN AND ROTTEN. AND OH-SO-SMELLY!

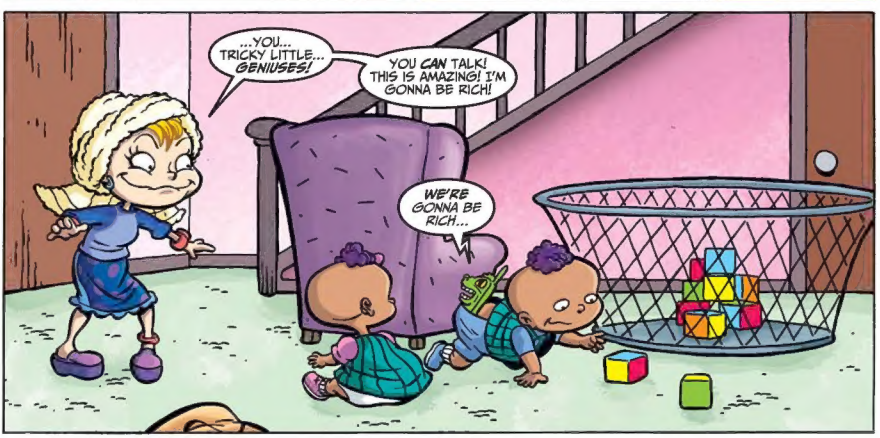

WHA?!? WERE YOU... TALKING! THAT'S... IMPOSSIBLE! NUTTY!
BABIES CAN'T TALK, AND IF THEY COULD, HOW WOULD I UNDERSTAND 'EM!

NAH... I'M JUST HUNGRY, THAT'S ALL. MY STOMACH IS PLAYING TRICKS ON MY BRAIN.

OKAY, I'M GONNA LET YOU GUYS OUTTA THERE, BUT YOU'D BETTER MIND ME!
NOW GET ME SOME COOKIES!

AW, GET 'EM YOURSELF!
AND BRING ME A SANDWICH!


IT'S TRUE! YOU...

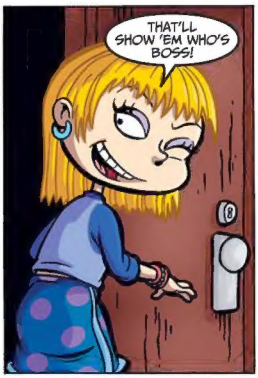

...YOU... TRICKY LITTLE... GENIUSES!
YOU CAN TALK! THIS IS AMAZING! I'M GONNA BE RICH!
WE'RE GONNA BE RICH...

...BUT YOU CAN BE OUR MAID.
HEE HEE!
HA HA-- SSHHHH!

YES, SIR, I'LL BE YOUR MAID. IN FACT, I'LL GET YOU THAT SANDWICH RIGHT AWAY!

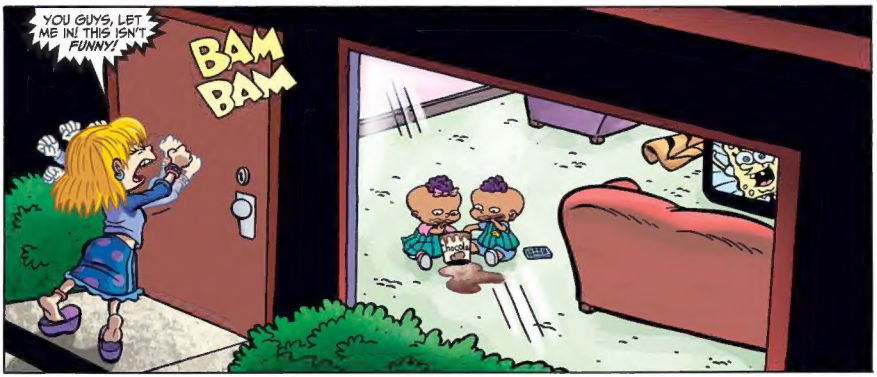
SECONDS LATER...
HELLO, POLICE? I'D LIKE TO REPORT SOME TRESPASSERS. YEAH...SOME BOYS FROM MY SCHOOL ARE DISTURBING MY PEACE.
COULD YOU SEND SOMEONE OVER?

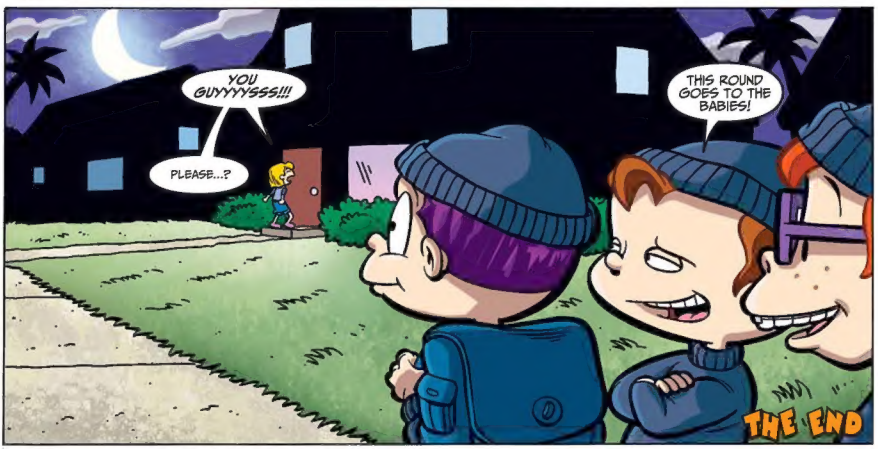
AND...
PLAYTIME'S OVER, BOYS. NOW MOVE ALONG... GO DO SOME HOMEWORK OR SOMETHING.
THANK YOU SO MUCH, OFFICER!


THAT'LL SHOW 'EM WHO'S BOSS!

SLAM

CLICK
LOCK


YOU GUYS, LET ME IN! THIS ISN'T FUNNY!
BAM BAM


YOU GUYYYYSSS!!!
PLEASE...?
THIS ROUND GOES TO THE BABIES!
THE END